PÉCAU + KORDEY + CHUCKRY

# The Secret History™

## Book Nine: The Thule Society

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## Legend

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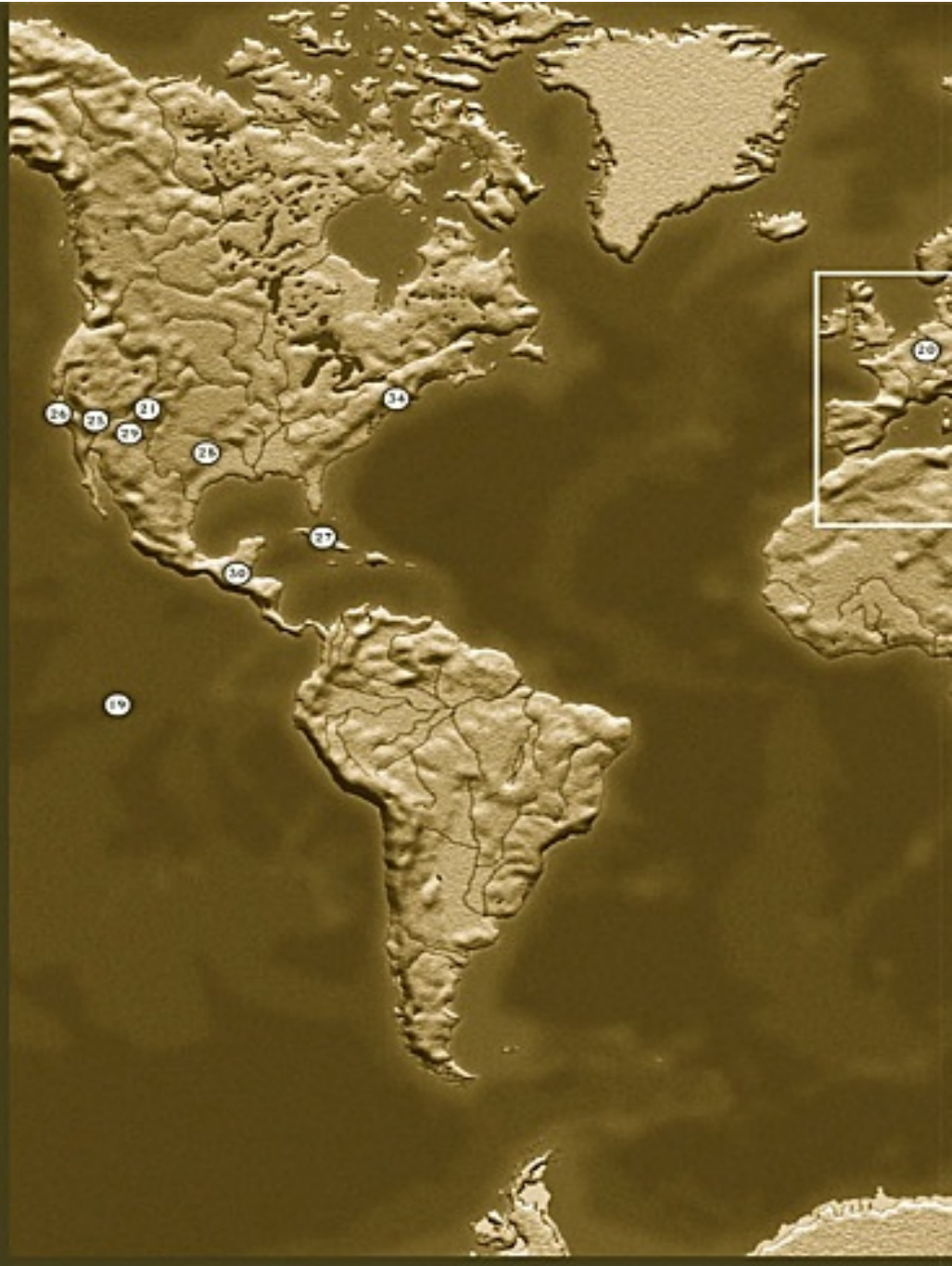

## Timeline

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| 33, 32 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31, 18 | |
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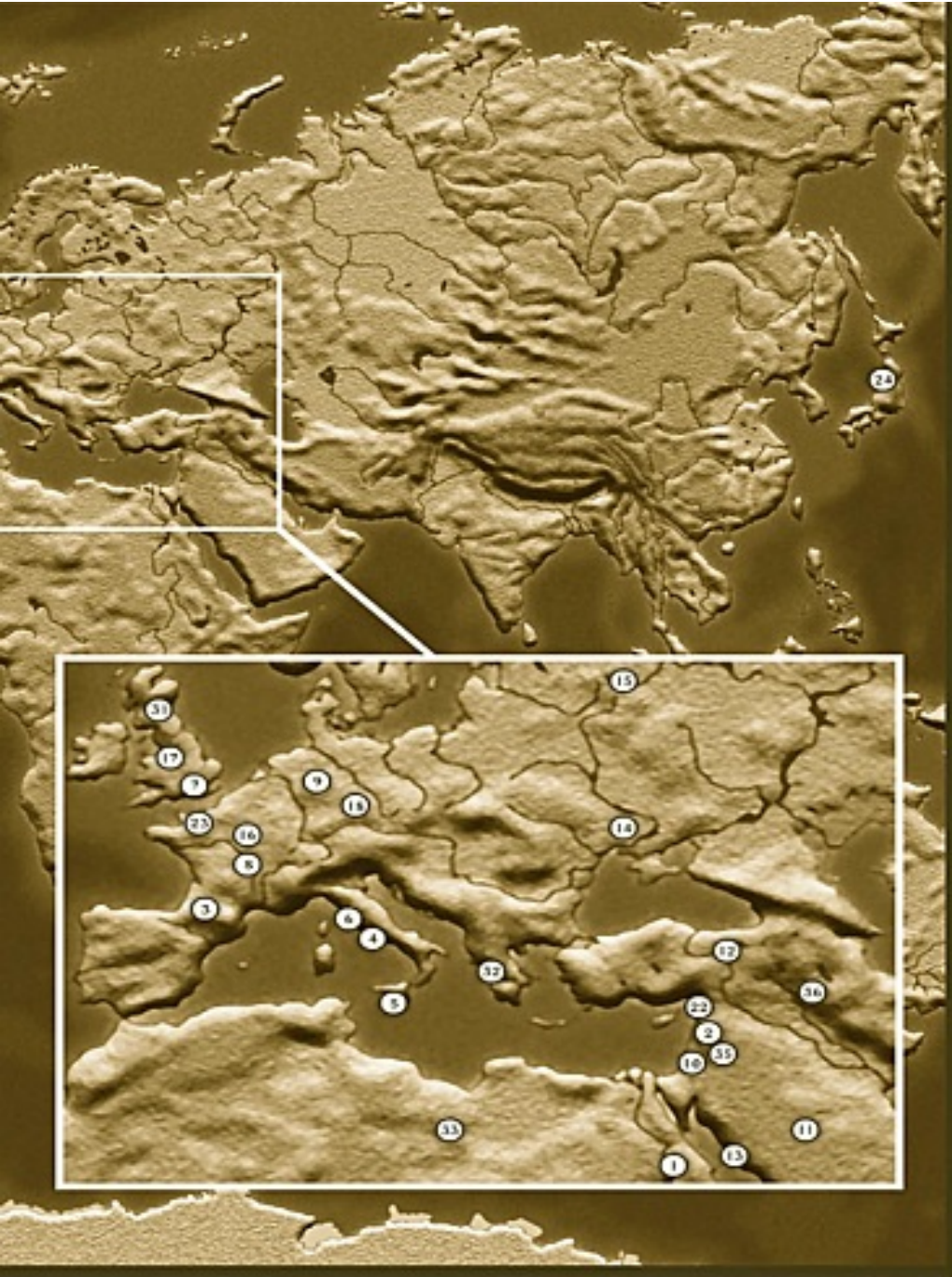

## The Secret History

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# The Secret History™

## Book Nine: The Thule Society

Since the dawn of time, **Dyo**, **Reka**, **Aker**, and **Erlin**, the four Archons who headed the Four Houses, have fought each other to control the fate of humankind. But times change, and an evil Fifth Archon, **William of Lecce**, is attempting to bring about the Apocalypse.

With the discovery of the ruins of the city of Kor, the Archons' worst fears have been confirmed. Far from having given up, William of Lecce marshals his armies once more. In the small Ukrainian village of Chernobyl, a Kabbalah master glimpses, to his horror, the macabre prospects of the century ahead.

## The Archons

**The Chalice** — Dyo

**The Lance** — Reka

**The Sword** — Aker

**The Shield** — Erlin


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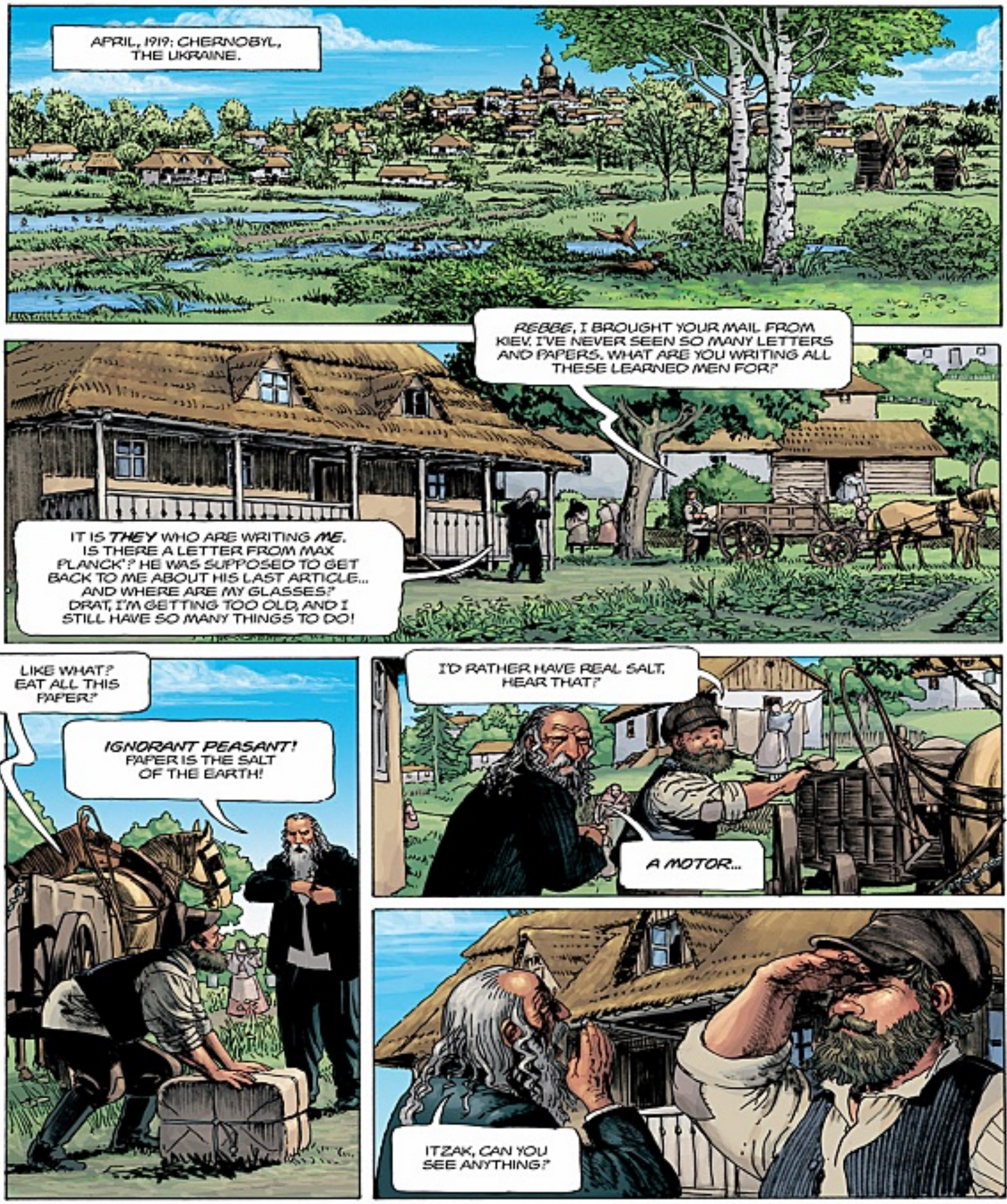



* MAX KARL ERNST LUDWING PLANCK (APRIL 23, 1858 – OCTOBER 4, 1947): GERMAN PHYSICIST AND 1918 NOBEL LAUREATE.

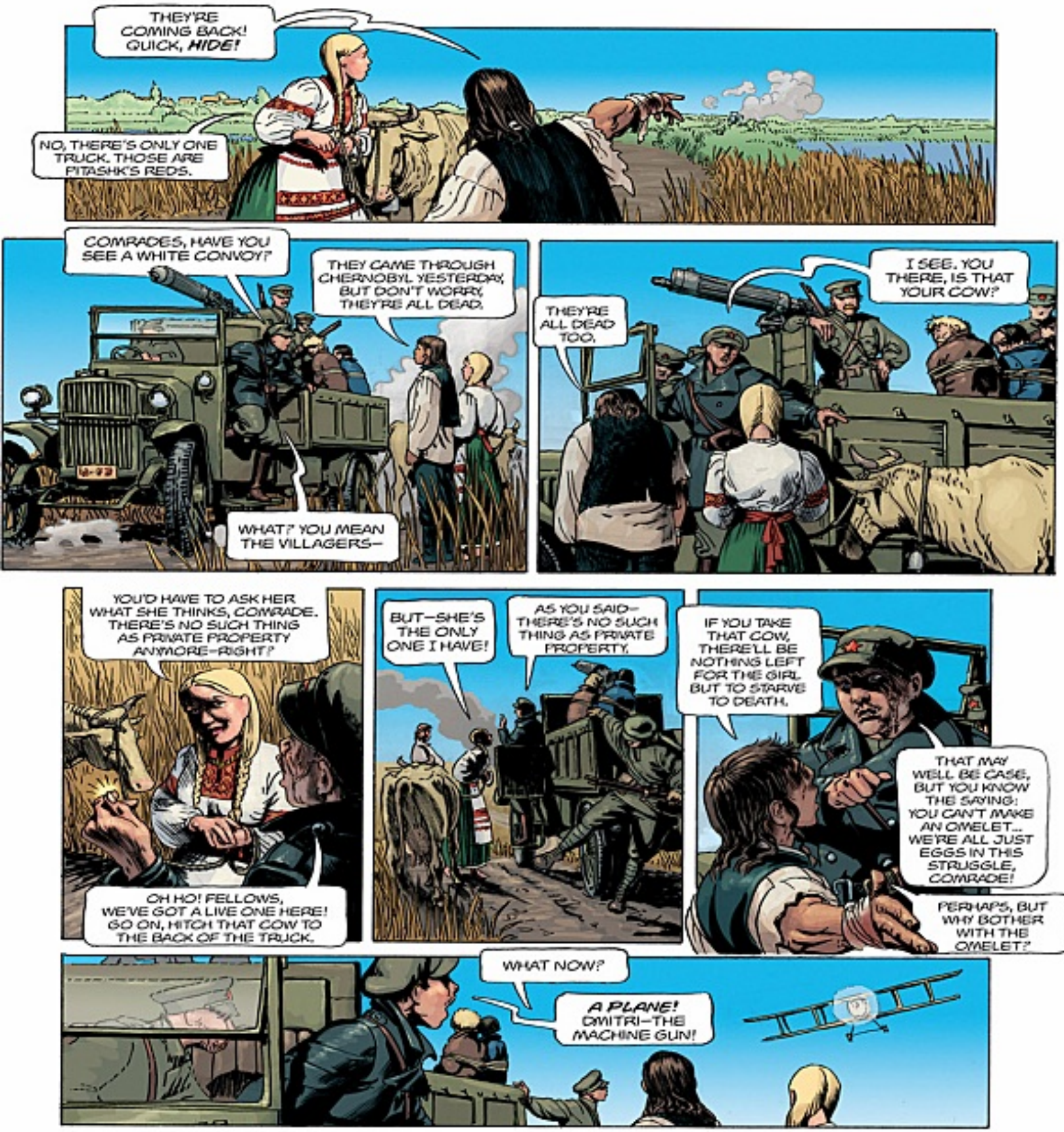
* REDS: COMMUNIST REVOLUTIONARIES.
WHITES: ANTICOMMUNIST COUNTERREVOLUTIONARIES.

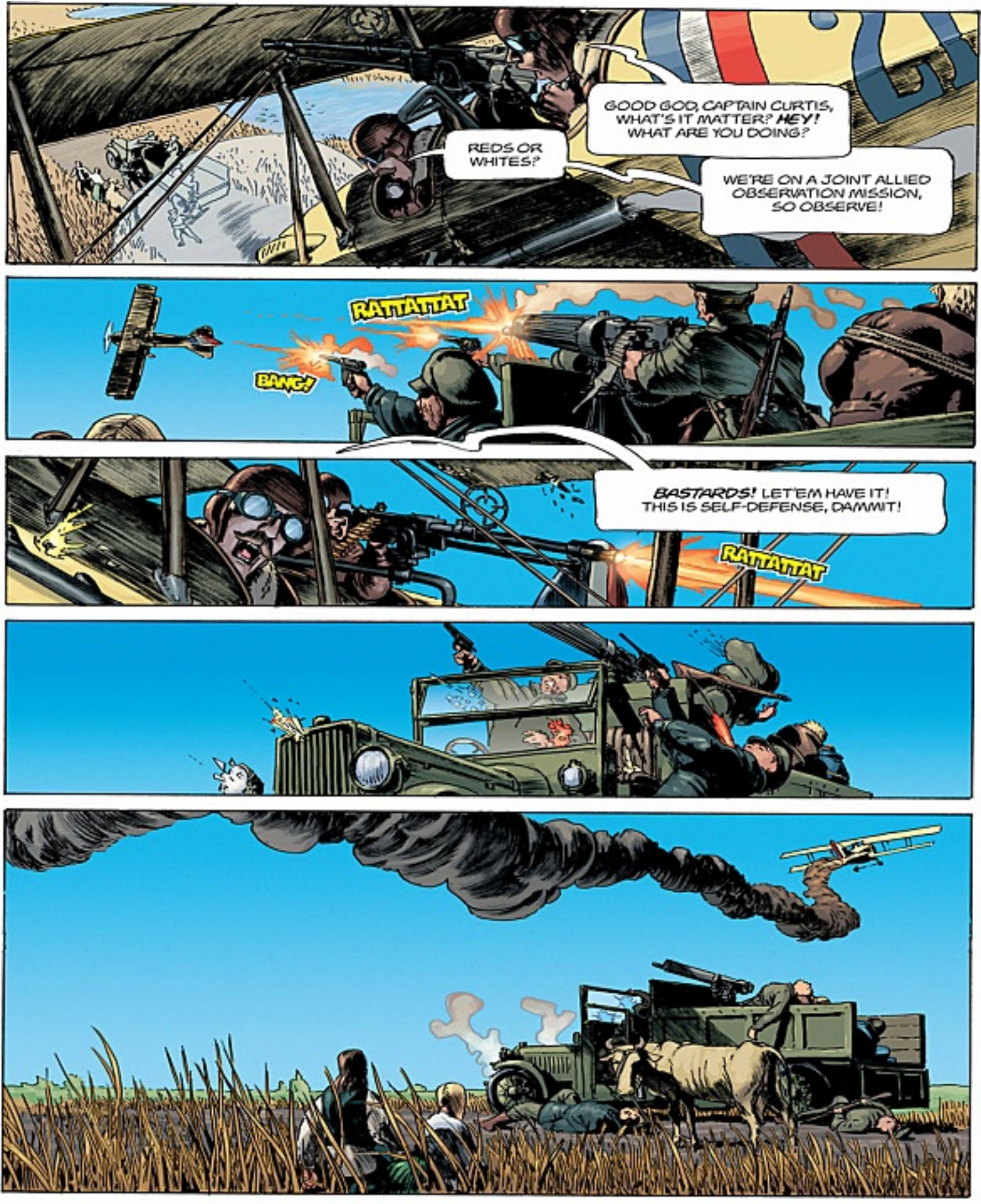
ARE YOU THE VILLAGE ELDER?
IF YOU WISH. WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, OFFICER?
BRING US SOMETHING TO EAT, AND HURRY! EMPTY YOUR LARDERS FOR US, OR WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT FOR YOU. DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS—THEY'RE IN NO DANGER. WE HAVEN'T SUNK THAT LOW YET.
I FEAR WE ARE BUT A VERY POOR PEOPLE, OFFICER, AND CAN OFFER YOU VERY LITTLE...
JEWS! ALWAYS THE SAME OLD STORY! THE SAME OLD MISERLY LIES!
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, FOR A JEW.
I'LL WIPE THAT UGLY GRIMACE OFF YOUR FACE.
ANTI-SEMITES HAVE A HABIT OF ENDING ALL THEIR SENTENCES WITH THE WORD JEW. I DARESAY WE OBSESS YOU, OFFICER.
HIS GUN, REBBE! JAM HIS GUN!

WATCH CLOSELY, ALL OF YOU, AND LET THIS BE AN EXAMPLE!
YOUR EXAMPLES ARE ALWAYS THE SAME: KILL AND KILL AGAIN! DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THESE SERVE AS EXAMPLES?
SILENCE!
BANG!
NOOON !
RATTATTAT
RATTATTAT
RATTATTAT
RATTATTAT

FZZZT
FZZZT
FZZZT
KROOM!
KRAKROOM!

THE NEXT DAY.
WH—?
I KNOW YOU—YOU'RE ITZAK, FROM CHERNOBYL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THE WHITES CAME THROUGH YESTERDAY.
I KNOW—WORD TRAVELS QUICKLY. THAT'S WHY I'M BOUND FOR MY UNCLE'S. OUR FARM IS TOO ISOLATED. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
MY REBBE IS DEAD. WHY DIDN'T HE DO ANYTHING? HE COULD'VE JAMMED THE OFFICER'S GUN, OR EVEN MADE HIS HEAD EXPLODE, AND HE DID... NOTHING!!
WHAT DID YOU DO?
I TOOK CARE OF ALL OF THEM! I SENT THOSE DEMONS BACK TO HELL!
WHAT ABOUT THE VILLAGE?
YOU CAN STILL SEE THE SMOKE FROM THE FIRES.
SO—NOW YOU SEE WHY YOUR REBBE DID NOTHING.
I...


THEY'RE COMING BACK! QUICK, HIDE!
NO, THERE'S ONLY ONE TRUCK. THOSE ARE PITASHK'S REDS.
COMRADES, HAVE YOU SEE A WHITE CONVOY?
THEY CAME THROUGH CHERNOBYL YESTERDAY, BUT DON'T WORRY, THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
WHAT? YOU MEAN THE VILLAGERS—
I SEE. YOU THERE, IS THAT YOUR COW?
THEY'RE ALL DEAD TOO.
YOU'D HAVE TO ASK HER WHAT SHE THINKS, COMRADE. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS PRIVATE PROPERTY ANYMORE—RIGHT?
OH HO! FELLOWS, WE'VE GOT A LIVE ONE HERE! GO ON, HITCH THAT COW TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.
BUT—SHE'S THE ONLY ONE I HAVE!
AS YOU SAID— THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS PRIVATE PROPERTY.
IF YOU TAKE THAT COW, THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT FOR THE GIRL BUT TO STARVE TO DEATH.
THAT MAY WELL BE CASE, BUT YOU KNOW THE SAYING: YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELET... WE'RE ALL JUST EGGS IN THIS STRUGGLE, COMRADE!
PERHAPS, BUT WHY BOTHER WITH THE OMELET?
WHAT NOW?
A PLANE! DMITRI—THE MACHINE GUN!

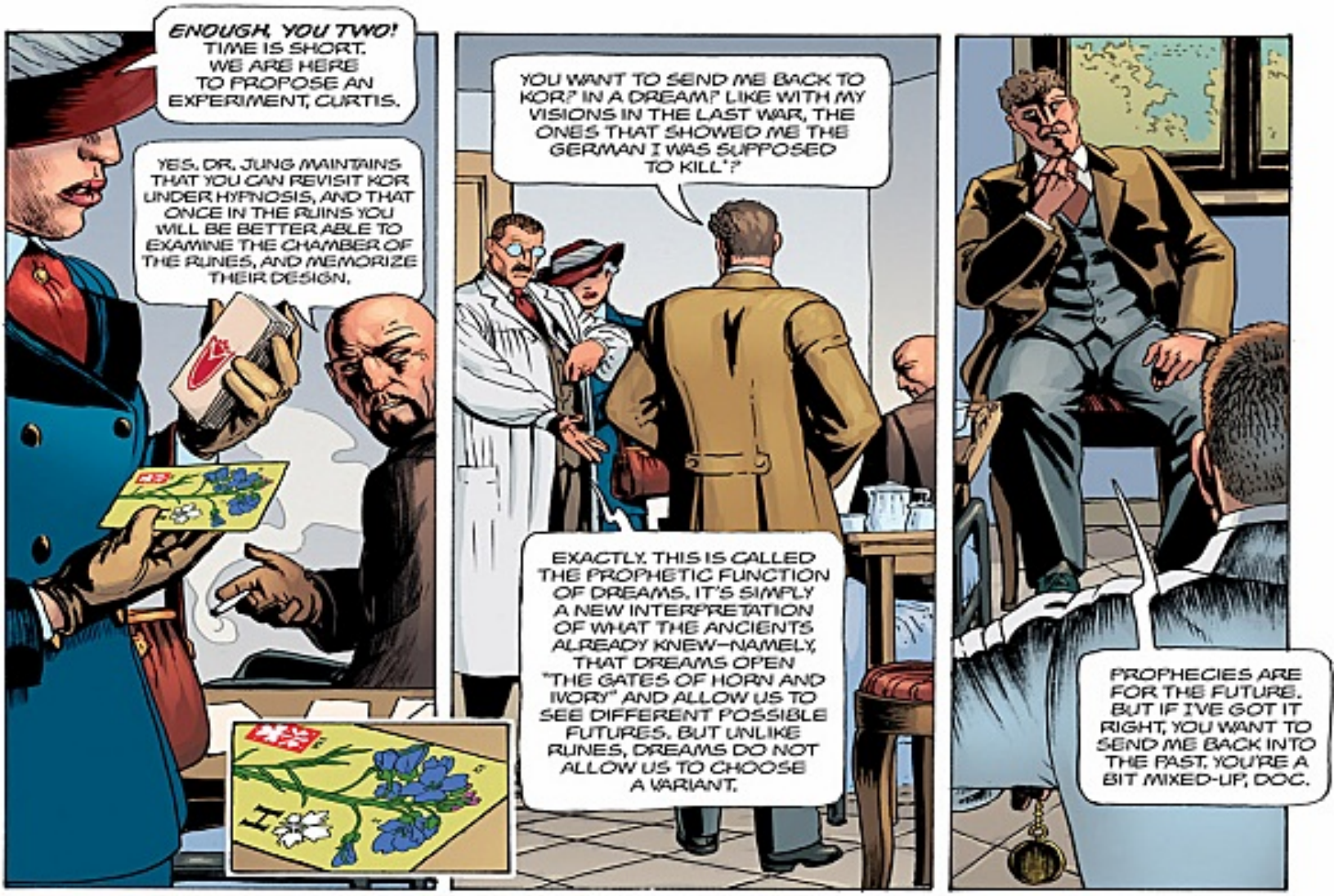

REDS OR WHITES?
GOOD GOD, CAPTAIN CURTIS, WHAT'S IT MATTER? HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WE'RE ON A JOINT ALLIED OBSERVATION MISSION, SO OBSERVE!
RATTATTAT
BANG!
BASTARDS! LET'EM HAVE IT! THIS IS SELF-DEFENSE, DAMMIT!
RATTATTAT

ARE YOU WHITES?
NEITHER WHITE NOR RED. WE ARE PARTISANS—MAKHNOVSHCHINA.
MAKHNOV'S ANARCHISTS! I'VE HEARD OF YOU.
TAKE ALL THE AMMO YOU CAN FIND, AND MAKE IT FAST. THERE'S AN ARTILLERY BATTERY IN THE VILLAGE, AND THEY MUST HAVE HEARD THE PLANE.
AND THE COW?
WE'RE PARTISANS, NOT THIEVES! YOU CAN GO NOW, LITTLE GIRL, BUT HURRY— THE ROAD'LL BECOME A TARGET.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
CAN I COME WITH YOU?
WHY?
MY REBBE IS DEAD. I SEEK ANOTHER.
I DON'T THINK WE CAN TEACH YOU MUCH. WE'RE JUST PARTISANS.
THAT'S A GOOD START. YOU CAN TEACH ME HOW TO USE THIS.

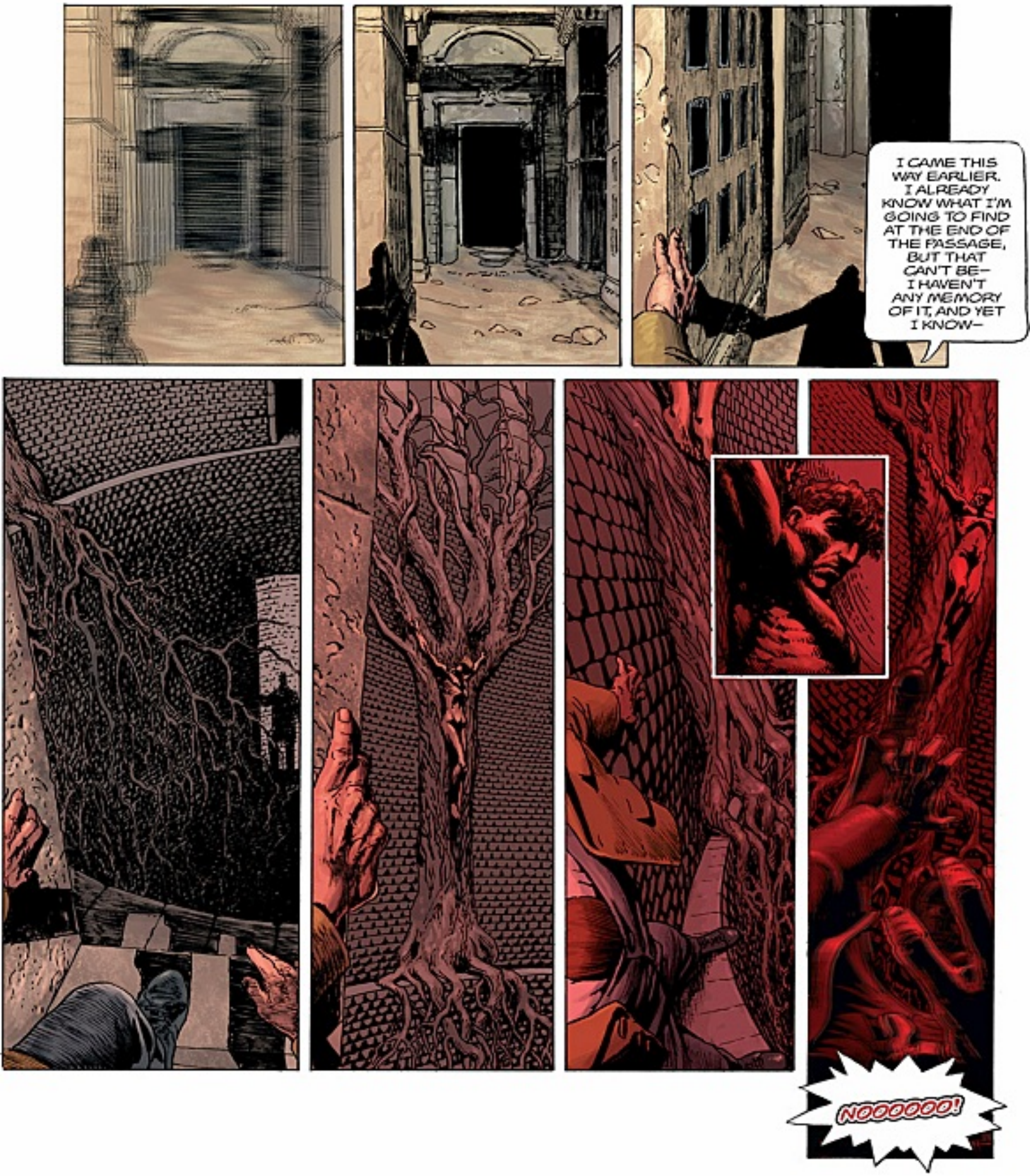
* CARL GUSTAV JUNG: FORMER DISCIPLE OF FREUD, PSYCHOANALYST.

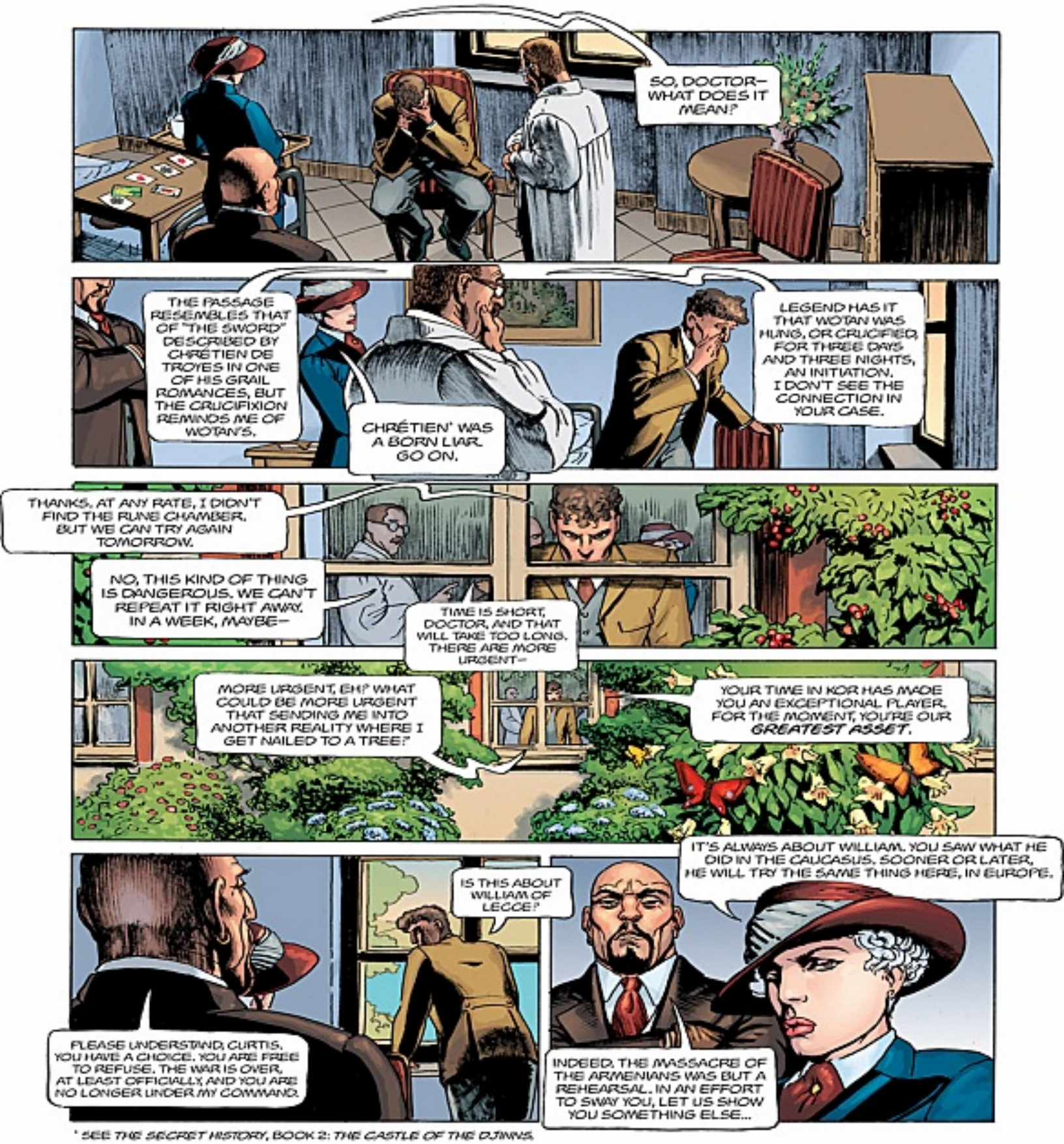
* IN BOHMIAN MECHANICS, A WAVE THAT DIRECTS ALL OTHERS.
** SEE *THE SECRET HISTORY*, BOOK 7: *OUR LADY OF THE SHADOWS*.
*** SEE *THE SECRET HISTORY*, BOOK 8: *SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM*.

* SEE THE SECRET HISTORY, BOOK 8: *SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM.*

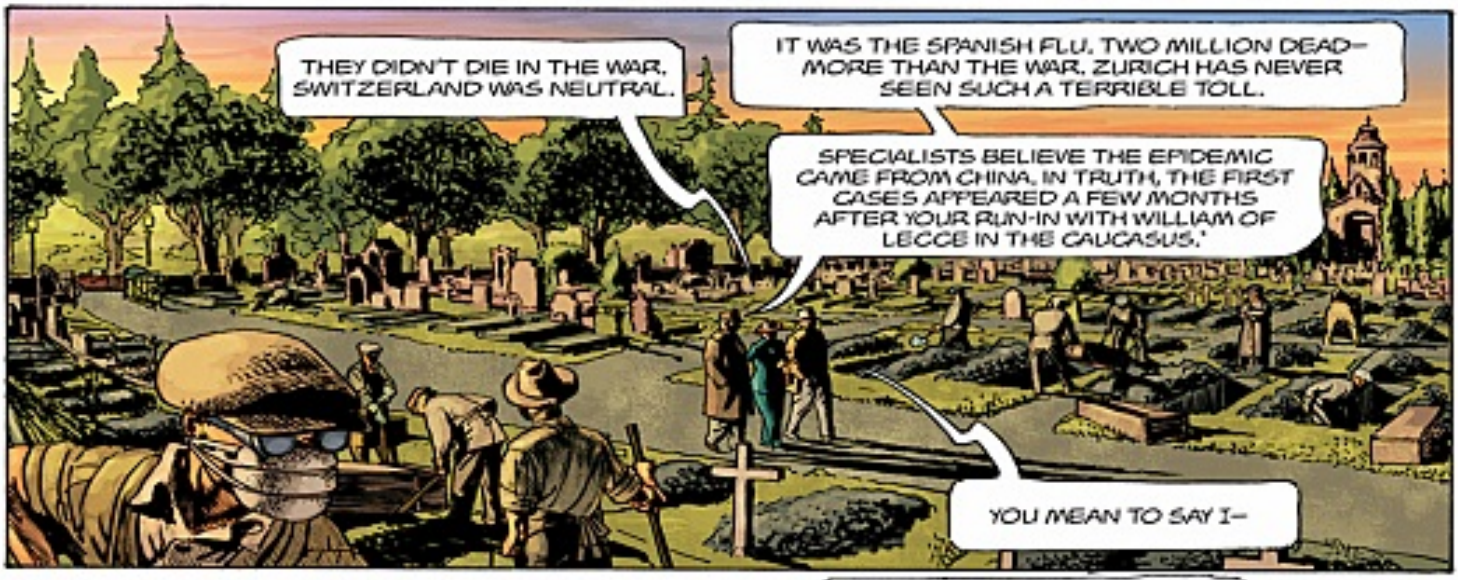


* SEE THE SECRET HISTORY, BOOK 7: OUR LADY OF THE SHADOWS.

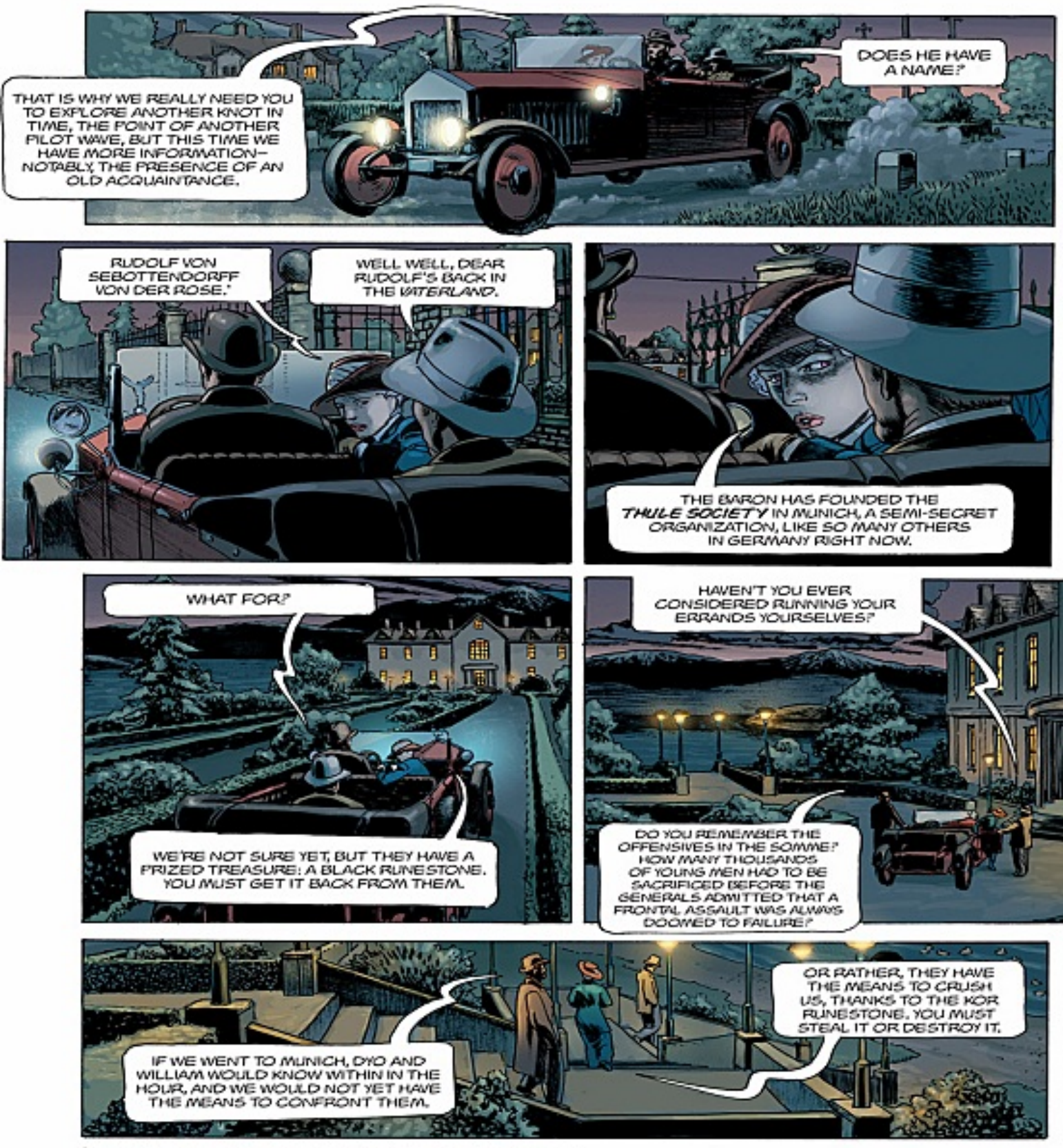

I CAME THIS WAY EARLIER. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE, BUT THAT CAN'T BE— I HAVEN'T ANY *MEMORY* OF IT, AND YET I KNOW—
NOOOOOO!




' SEE THE SECRET HISTORY, BOOK 2: THE CASTLE OF THE DJINNS.



* SEE THE SECRET HISTORY, BOOK 8: SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM.




* SEE *THE SECRET HISTORY, BOOK 8: SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM.*

ERLIN, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.

HE IS HERE.

WHO SAID THAT? WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE CAN'T STAY HERE! QUICKLY—INTO THE CIRCLE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEND OURSELVES!

HE IS HERE! HE IS HERE!

THE CIRCLE IS BROKEN! THEY'LL COME IN! HOW CAN THIS BE?
AKER, GET READY TO TAKE OVER! CURTIS—BLOOD! FIND SOMETHING TO CUT YOURSELF WITH! I NEED YOUR BLOOD!
HE IS HERE! HE MUST DIE!
VATHROOM!

* SEE *THE SECRET HISTORY*, BOOK 2: *THE CASTLE OF THE DJINNS*.

YOU CAME BACK FROM KOR. YOU MUST BE THE ONLY ONE TO HAVE DONE SO UP TILL NOW, ALONG WITH PHILBY!
WE NEED A WAY TO KNOW IF HE'S SUFFERED SIMILAR ATTACKS.
KOR WAS NOT BUILT BY AN ARCHON AND YET RUNESTONES NO DOUBT MORE POWERFUL THAN OUR OWN WERE FOUND THERE.
PERHAPS THE MASTERS OF KOR HAVE DECIDED TO SHOW THEMSELVES?
BUGGER ALL! DYO AND WILLIAM ARE BAD ENOUGH, BUT FRANKLY A NEW PLAYER IN TOWN WILL MAKE THE SITUATION IMPOSSIBLE.

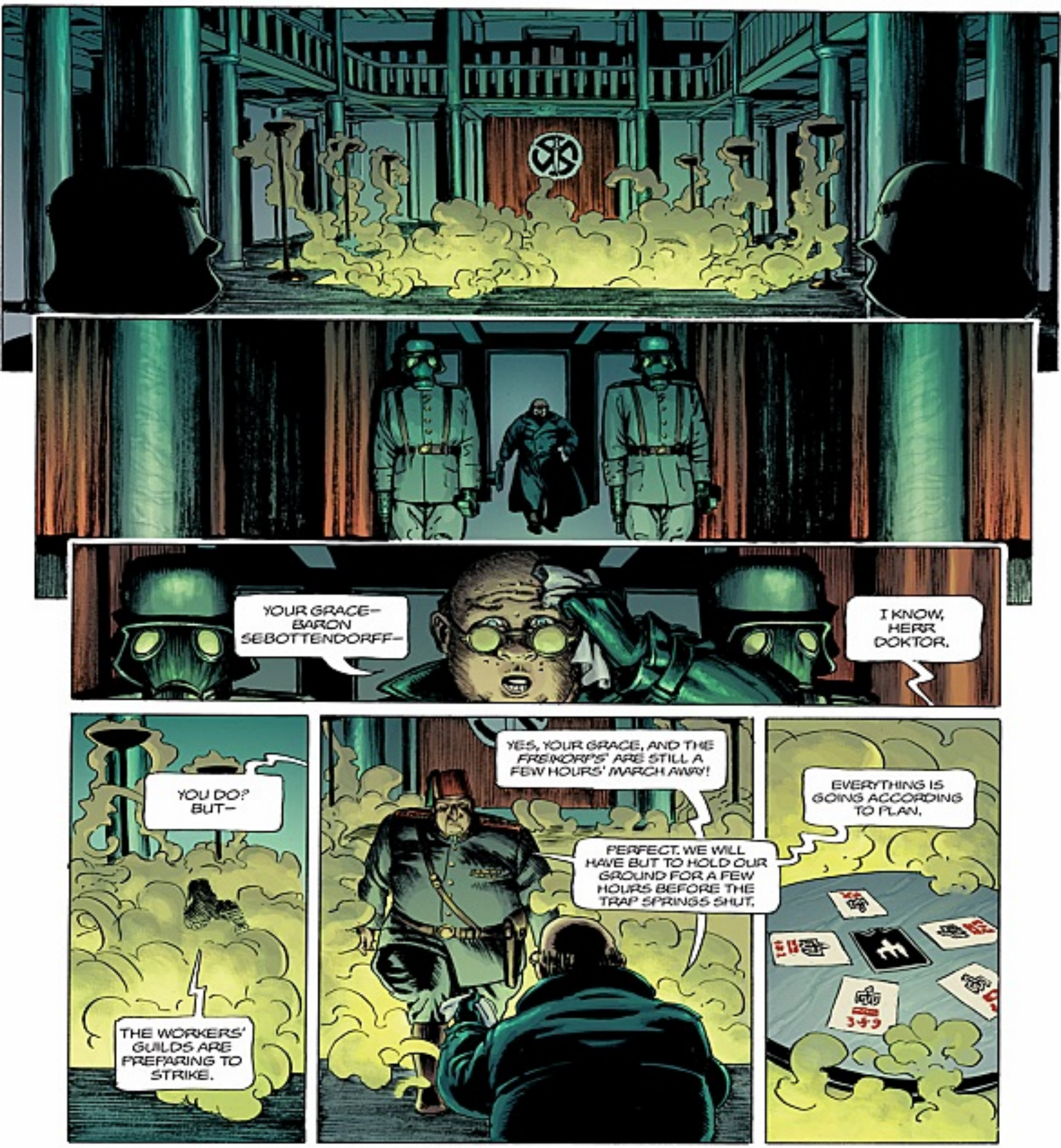
VERY WELL. AFTER THAT LITTLE DEMONSTRATION, I DON'T SUPPOSE I HAVE A CHOICE. HAVE YOU GOT A WAY TO GET ME TO MUNICH?

SHE'S ALL YOURS. BUT FIRST, REST UP. IF YOU LEAVE TOMORROW MORNING, YOU'LL BE THERE BY NIGHTFALL.
ONCE IN MUNICH, LOOK FOR THE CABARET CALLED DER BLAUE RITTER— THE BLUE CAVALIER. SOMEONE WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU THERE.

AH, THERE YOU ARE! OUR PATIENTS HAVE BEEN VERY AGITATED—THERE WAS A STORM OF SORTS. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOUR HAND! WHAT HAPPENED, CURTIS?
A VARIATION ON THE FIGHT BETWEEN DAVID AND GOLIATH. DID YOU KNOW DAVID HAD COATED THE STONES OF HIS SLING WITH HIS OWN BLOOD?

NOW YOU'RE JUST MAKING THINGS UP!

MUNICH: THE NEXT NIGHT.
DER BLAUE REITER
WILKOMMEN, BIENVENUE, WELCOME.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
BOZO'S THE NAME! I WONDER WHAT SHE SEES IN YOU!
EXCUSE ME?
HER! LILI, THE BLUE ANGEL. SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU.
ME? NOT ME—
DUMB AS A DONKEY, AND NOT EVEN HUNG LIKE ONE.
YOU CAN TELL HER I DON'T LIKE TO BE SUMMONED. SO WATCH YOUR MUG, RUNT.
THE NAME'S BOZO! SO HE'S DEAF TO BOOT! JUST COME WITH ME!
SUB ROSA—YOU HAVE BEEN SENT BY THE SHIELD. TIME IS SHORT— THERE IS SOMEONE YOU MUST MEET BEFORE THE WORKER'S COUNCIL DECIDES TO ACT.
SUB ROSA YOURSELF. WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH ME?
THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE THULE BUILDING. DO I NEED TO DRAW YOU A PICTURE?
I WAS RIGHT—DUMB AS A DONKEY, AND NO GOOD IN THE SACK, I'M SURE.
THAT'LL HELP US OUT, WON'T IT?
IDIOT! THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE! THEY'LL GET THEMSELVES SLAUGHTERED AND THEN THE THULE'S LACKEYS WILL BE EVEN MORE SUSPICIOUS!




* "FREE CORPS": PARAMILITARY UNITS.

GUSTAV, THIS IS THE HOUSES' REPRESENTATIVE.
ENCHANTÉ, CITIZEN! WE'LL NEED ALL THE GOODWILL WE CAN GET, BUT LET YOUR MASTERS NOT FORGET THAT WE KEEP OUR INDEPENDENCE.
KEEP WHATEVER YOU WANT. I'M NOT HERE TO JOIN, JUST FOR A JOB. I NEED TO GET INSIDE THE THULE BUILDING, THAT'S ALL. AND I HAVE NO MASTERS.
WELL DONE! NO GODS, NO MASTERS— JUST LIKE US! LET'S GET GOING. IN BERLIN, OUR ENEMIES ARE ALREADY TREATING WITH MILITARY TYPES WHO THIRST FOR REVENGE! IF WE LET THEM HAVE IT, IN 10 YEARS EUROPE WILL BE PUT TO FIRE AND THE SWORD ONCE MORE!
DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?
WE HAVE GUNS, AND MEN TO USE THEM.
THAT'LL BE ENOUGH TO KILL, BUT AS FOR THE REST—
I KNEW IT. POETS AND MADMEN.
I HAD FRIENDS IN DUBLIN IN 1916. THEY WERE ALL GUNS AND NO PLAN TOO. THE ENGLISH TOOK NO PRISONERS— AND DEFINITELY NOT ANY POETS!

* SEE THE SECRET HISTORY, BOOK 1: OUR LADY OF THE SHADOWS.

DAMMIT—GIVE ME THREE MINUTES, THEN FALL BACK. I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET IN.
CHRIST, WE DON'T HAVE THREE MINUTES!
BANG!
ULP!
GET THE FUCK AWAY! RUN!
RATTATTAT

* IN QUANTUM PHYSICS, A SERIES OF RESULTS INDICATING A TENDENCY.

NO, NOT ONLY FOR HIM. BUT HE KNOWS SOMETHING WE WANT TO FIND OUT. WE ALSO HAD TO RID OURSELVES OF THE COMMUNIST RABBLE. MUNICH IS A CROSSROADS BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK. MORE PRECISELY, IT IS A FULCRUM AMONG WORLDS AND WE CAN TURN IT TO OUR USE.
ALL THIS FOR... THIS! TO CAPTURE ONE MAN!

WELL, WELL, AMONG THE LIVING AGAIN!
DEAR RUDOLF. YOU DON'T LOOK WELL. YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD THIS BEFORE, BUT YOUR SWIMMING POOL HERE'S A BIT SHORT ON WATER. IF SOMEONE GOT THE BAD IDEA TO DIVE IN, AN ACCIDENT COULD HAPPEN, ESPECIALLY WITH ALL THIS SMOKE.

THE THURIBLES? CAN YOU SMELL IT? IT'S AN OPIUM BLEND SPECIALLY CONCOCTED BY OUR DERVISH FRIENDS. IT INDUCES A LIGHT TRANCE THAT IMPELS ONE TOWARD THE PERIPHERIES OF WORLDS.
YES, YES, THE LADY'S ALREADY SAID. I KILLED A VERSION OF HER. WERE YOU THE ONE WHO KNOCKED ME OUT RIGHT AFTER?

NO. SHE DID, IN A THIRD UNIVERSE.
A THIRD. DON'T MAKE MY HEADACHE WORSE. ACTUALLY, WE'VE NEVER BEEN INTRODUCED...

WHY BOTHER? YOU WON'T HAVE TIME TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER. YOU KNOW, YOU COULD BE ON YOUR WAY HOME TOMORROW.
FOR WHAT? THE PRICE OF A SONG? A POEM? A LITTLE DANCE STEP, PERHAPS...

A PIECE OF INFORMATION. WHERE ARE THE OTHER TWO RUNESTONES?
TWO WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THAT CUR PHILBY BROUGHT THREE RUNESTONES BACK FROM KOR.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
THANKS TO THIS! WHY ELSE WOULD PHILBY HAVE MADE A BOX WITH THREE COMPARTMENTS?
THERE WAS ONLY ONE RUNESTONE BACK IN THE CAUCASUS.
I KNOW. I WAS THERE. THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING YOU ONE LAST TIME. WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE TWO OTHERS?
YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, OLD CHUM. I'VE NEVER SEEN THE OTHERS.
AARRGGHHH!
BLOODY HELL, IF THE SHIELDS HAD THE OTHER TWO BLACK RUNESTONES, DON'T YOU THINK THEY WOULD'VE USED THEM ALREADY?
NOT NECESSARILY. THE RUNESTONES WORK IN VERY STRANGE— AND VERY DANGEROUS— WAYS.
TRY AND THINK A LITTLE. PERHAPS PHILBY PULLED A FAST ONE ON YOU TOO. PERHAPS HE MENTIONED SOMETHING. JUST GIVE US A CLUE.
BUGGER OFF. WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM YOURSELF—

YOUR STUBBORNNESS WILL COST YOU DEARLY. SURELY YOU HAVE NOTICED THAT THE COUNTESS ADORES TORTURING WHATEVER FALLS INTO HER HANDS. AND SHE IS UNTIRING.
BRILLIANT. STARTED OUT PULLING THE WINGS OFF BUTTERFLIES, DID SHE?
YOU ARE THE INSECT, YOU MISERABLE DEMOCRATIC WORM!
AAAAHHHRRRRGGGHH!
SEE... HERE. I—DON'T N-NEGOTIATE WITH UNDERLINGS. TELL YOUR BOSS I'M HERE. HE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE ME AGAIN.
VERY WELL. YOU'LL MEET HIM. A BIT OF PATIENCE.
WHAT'S THAT? GOING TO POISON ME?
A KEY. THE SILVER KEY. TO MEET MY MASTER.

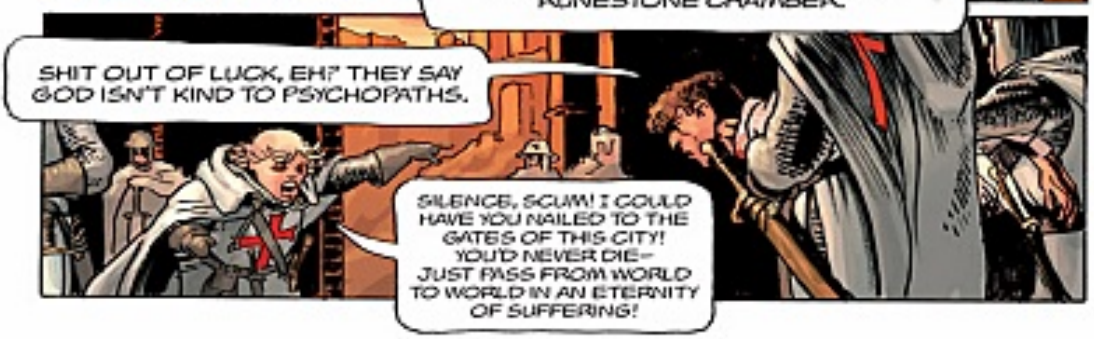
GOOD CHRIST, ANOTHER MAGIC TRICK. WHERE AM I THIS TIME?
MY TEUTONIC KNIGHTS JUST RETOOK JERUSALEM. ISN'T IT MARVELOUS?

THE TEUTONIC KNIGHTS NEVER TOOK JERUSALEM!
NOT IN YOUR WORLD, PERHAPS, BUT IN THIS ONE... IT TOOK ME SOME TIME TO UNDERSTAND I COULD NOT ONLY TRAVEL THROUGH PAST AND FUTURE BUT ALSO IN OTHER PASTS PARALLEL TO OUR PRESENT, CO-EXISTING LIKE SOAP BUBBLES.

DO YOU SEE THE POWER OF THE BLACK RUNESTONES? THEY ARE CAPABLE OF OPENING THE GATES TO THE UNIVERSE ENTIRE!

HAVE A GREAT TRIP! IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'D LIKE TO GO HOME.
AS YOU WISH. JUST TELL ME WHERE TO FIND PHILBY'S RUNESTONES.

TELL YOUR KNIGHTS TO BRING YOU BACK A SET, SINCE YOU'VE TAKEN THE CITY!
ALAS! WE ARE HERE IN BUT A SHADOW OF JERUSALEM. IT IS— YOU ARE CORRECT—A COPY OF KOR, BUT INCOMPLETE, LACKING THE RUNESTONE CHAMBER.


SHIT OUT OF LUCK, EH? THEY SAY GOD ISN'T KIND TO PSYCHOPATHS.
SILENCE, SCUM! I COULD HAVE YOU NAILED TO THE GATES OF THIS CITY! YOU'D NEVER DIE— JUST PASS FROM WORLD TO WORLD IN AN ETERNITY OF SUFFERING!

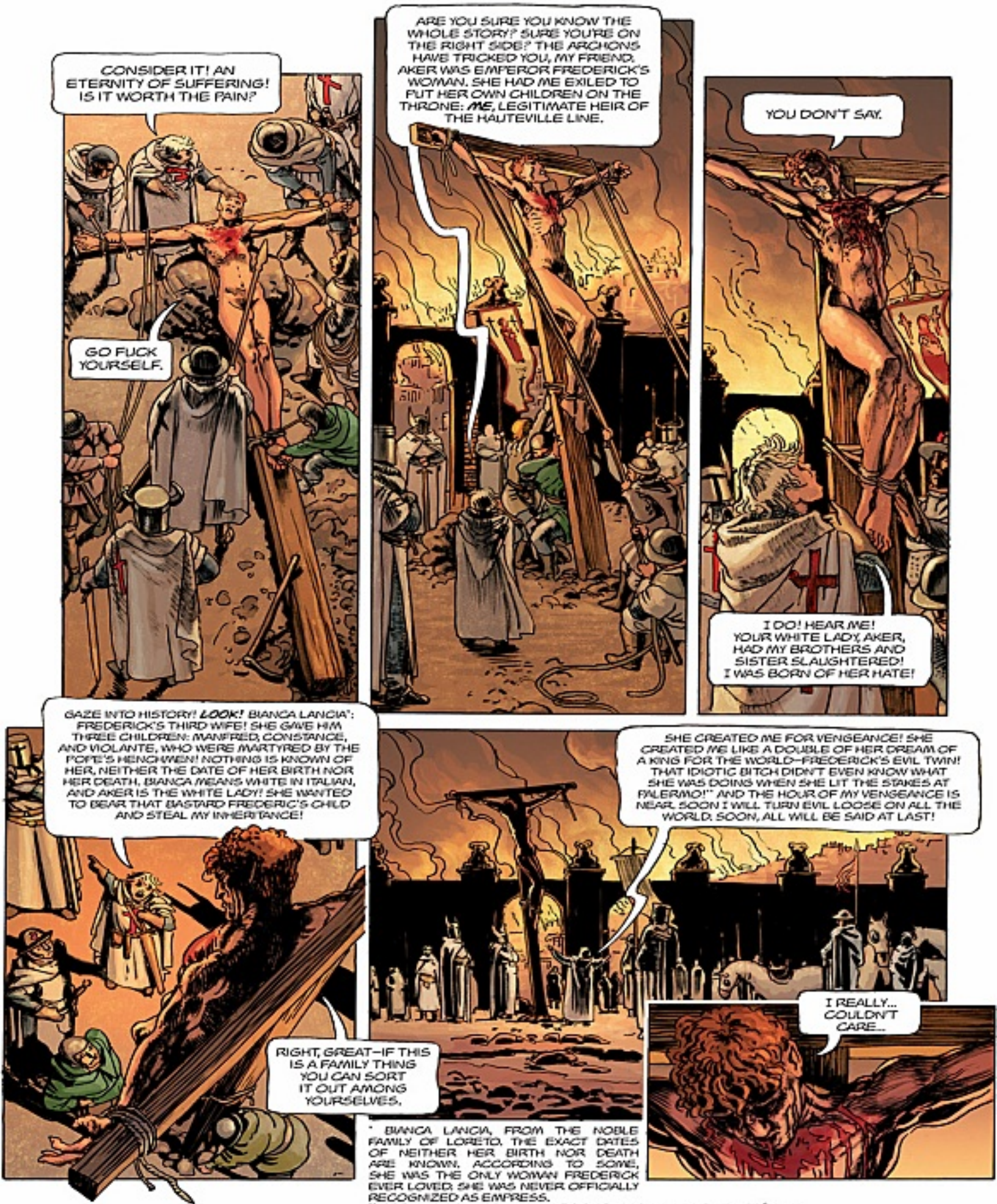
THAT COULD START TO FEEL LONG— ESPECIALLY TOWARD THE END.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE CELLARS OF THE THULE BUILDING.
Hrmf! Mmf! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE THANKED MOM FOR MY SIZE!
HANS— WHAT'S THAT?
RATS. THE FIGHTING MUST'VE RILED THEM.
skritch
skritch
JA... I'LL GO CHECK IT OUT, ALL THE SAME.
A DWARF UNDERGROUND—HIS NATURAL ELEMENT, WOULDN'T YOU SAY? NEVER SEEN AN OPERA BY THAT JERK WAGNER?
I'M THE MASTER OF THE RATS, YA DUMB SHMUCK!
skritch
skritch
skritch
skritch

WELL, WELL, IT'S THAT DUMMY THE SHIELDS SENT.
HEY, COMRADE, CAN YOU HEAR ME? DAMN, SURE DID A NUMBER ON HIM.
AGAIN? HE'S NOT HOLDING UP WELL.
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? THE MASTER WILL MAKE HIM SPEAK. WE ONLY HAVE TO KEEP HIM ON THE BORDER BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH—JUST THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER.
I CAN'T FEEL A PULSE. AREN'T YOU AFRAID WE'LL LOSE HIM? I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM SOME CAMPHOR TO SUSTAIN HIM.
HELL AND DAMNATION, THIS DUMP IS BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE COUNT DRACULA'S CASTLE. BETTER GET MOVING, BOZO MY MAN, AND KEEP QUIET WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.

BOZO! YOU CAME BACK!
IT'S HARD TO OFF A DWARF, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT. HOW ARE YOU, LILI?
FINE. BUT I WON'T BE PERFORMING TONIGHT.
THE FREIKORPS HAVE ENTERED THE CITY! WE'VE PUT UP BARRICADES BUT WE CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF FOR LONG. THEY'VE GOT ARMORED CARS AND ARTILLERY!
THERE THEY ARE! EVERYONE TO THEIR POSTS!
RIFLES AGAINST ARMORED CARS. IT'S ALL GOING TO END HERE, TONIGHT, LITTLE MAN.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, YOU OVERSIZED LUG? YOU CAN TRY TURNING YOURSELF IN, BUT I HEAR THEY SHOOT PRISONERS.
WELL YOU'RE IN A DAMN FOUL MOOD.
DWARVES ARE LIKE THAT. WE BARK AND BITE.

BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
COME AND GET IT, DARLINGS! DRINKS ARE ON BOZO, YOU SONS OF BITCHES!
BABOOM!
IT'S REALLY THE END THIS TIME—I'M OUT OF BULLETS! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF, COMRADES, AND LONG LIVE THE COMMUNE!
BANG!
BANG!
NO PRISONERS. EVEN THE WOUNDED WERE SHOT ON SIGHT. MUNICH WAS BATHED IN GREAT GOUTS OF BLOOD TO CLEAN IT FOR ITS NEW MASTERS.



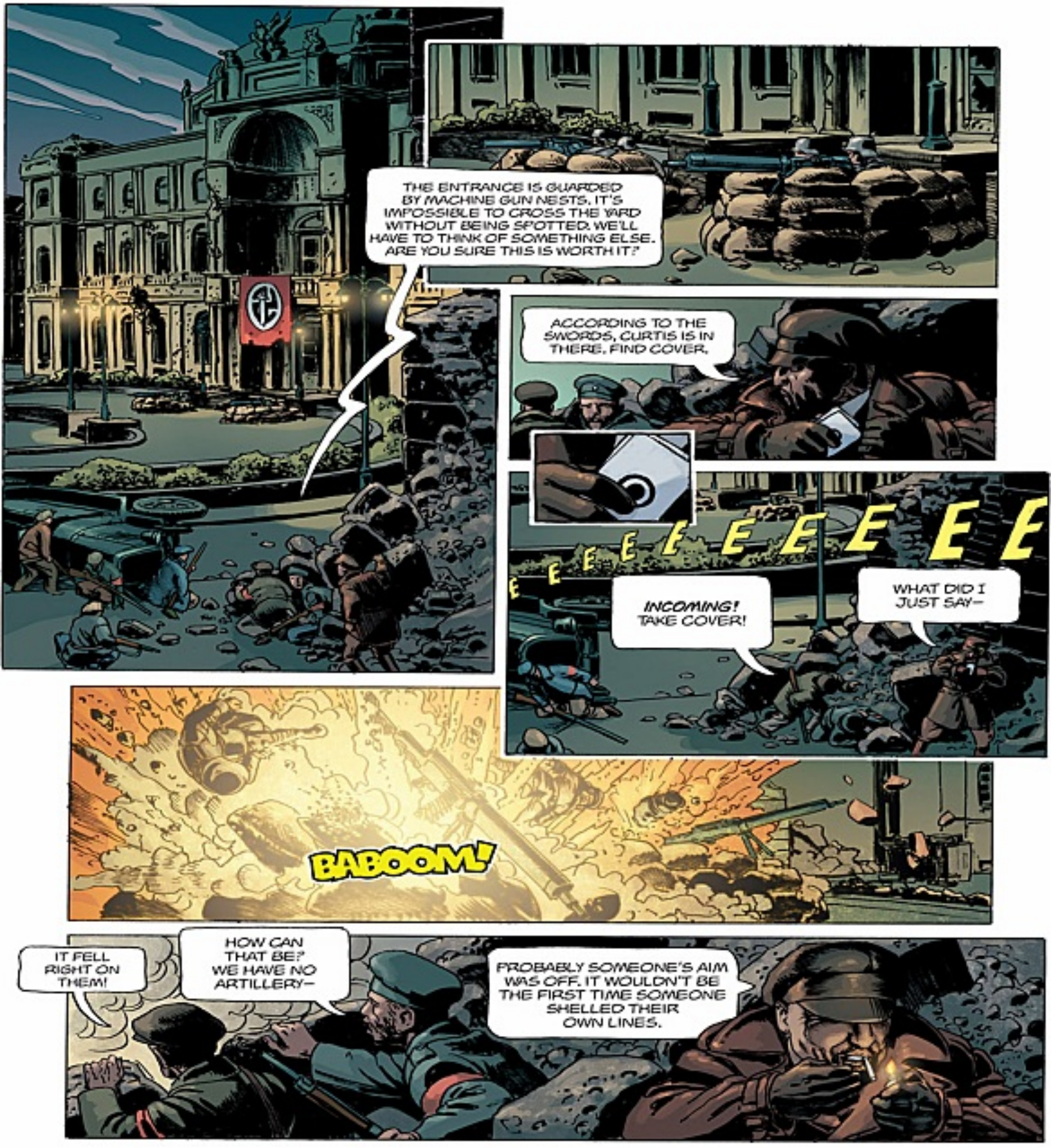

* BIANCA LANCIA, FROM THE NOBLE FAMILY OF LORETO. THE EXACT DATES OF NEITHER HER BIRTH NOR DEATH ARE KNOWN. ACCORDING TO SOME, SHE WAS THE ONLY WOMAN FREDERICK EVER LOVED; SHE WAS NEVER OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED AS EMPRESS.

** SEE *THE SECRET HISTORY, BOOK 3: THE GRAIL OF MONTSÉGUR*

LEAVE. I WON'T ASK AGAIN.
WHO ARE YOU? STEP FORWARD, HANDS IN THE AIR!
MEIN GOTT– NOOO!
PANG!

LEAVE NOW! TAKE HIM BACK TO YOUR MASTER! TELL HIM THAT THE LADY OF THE SWORD IS HERE!
LONG AGO, I SWORE NEVER AGAIN TO LEAVE MY COMPANIONS BEHIND.
SUB ROSA, MOTHER. YOU CAME.
COME— WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.
MOTHER! WE'LL DRIVE THE FREIKORPS BACK. WITH YOUR HELP IT'LL BE CHILD'S PLAY!
NO—DYO AND WILLIAM WOULD INTERVENE IN TURN, AND WE AREN'T YET READY TO CONFRONT THEM.
THEN THE MUNICH COMMUNE IS DOOMED!
I'M SORRY... THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO. WE'VE RISKED TOO MUCH ALREADY BY COMING TO DEFY THEM ON THEIR OWN TERRITORY.
YOU PLAY WITH US AS WITH TOY SOLDIERS!
HOW DARE YOU—
COME, QUICKLY— TIME IS SHORT, WE MUST LEAVE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOKTOR? HAVE YOU SEEN A GHOST?
I JUST GOT A REPORT FROM THE MANN FACTORY! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! THE LADY OF THE SWORD HAS BEEN SPOTTED!
AKER! I KNEW IT! SOMETHING ELSE WAS MOVING IN THE GYRE—THE PRESENCE OF AN ARCHON!
SHE COULDN'T RESIST, POOR FOOL!
SEND A MESSAGE TO MASTER WILLIAM! AND FIND DYO! HAVE THE TROOPS ALL CONVERGE ON THE FACTORY!
WAIT—WHERE'S THE DOPPELGÄNGER?
HERR HITLER? IN A BARRACKS SOUTH OF THE CITY—WHY?
MAKE SURE HE'S PROTECTED. SHE MAY HAVE COME FOR HIM INSTEAD.
AND THESE? SHOULD WE KEEP PASSING THEM OUT? WE RISK HANDICAPPING OURSELVES IF WE HAVE TO FIGHT AN ARCHON. THEIR BEARERS HAVEN'T MUCH HOPE OF LIVING.
THAT'S PRECISELY WHY THEY WERE MADE. CONTINUE THE DISTRIBUTION!


THE ENTRANCE IS GUARDED BY MACHINE GUN NESTS. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CROSS THE YARD WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED. WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE. ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WORTH IT?
ACCORDING TO THE SWORDS, CURTIS IS IN THERE. FIND COVER.
EEEEEEEEEEE
INCOMING! TAKE COVER!
WHAT DID I JUST SAY—
BABOOM!
IT FELL RIGHT ON THEM!
HOW CAN THAT BE? WE HAVE NO ARTILLERY—
PROBABLY SOMEONE'S AIM WAS OFF. IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME SOMEONE SHELLED THEIR OWN LINES.

* OVERSIZED MAUSER RIFLES THAT SHOOT 41MM REINFORCED SHELLS CAPABLE OF PIERCING THE ARMOR OF TANKS FROM THAT ERA.
** SEE THE SECRET HISTORY, BOOK 5: 1666.

SEBOTTENDORFF AND THE WOMAN IN RED MADE FOR THE FAR END OF THE ROOM. THEY MUST STILL BE HIDING THERE.
STOP! DON'T TAKE ANOTHER STEP! IT'LL KILL YOU.
DO YOU SEE THESE MARKINGS?
THE POOL'S BOOBY-TRAPPED. WAIT FOR ME HERE. SHOOT ANYTHING THAT COMES OUT OF HERE WITH AN ANTI-TANK RIFLE— THAT'S THE BEST BET.
IT—DOESN'T MATTER. THE BARON HAD TIME TO GET AWAY WITH THE RUNESTONE. THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING. DEATH... IS NOTHING.
PERHAPS. I'VE NEVER TRIED IT YET.
GOOD HUNTING?
ONLY PARTLY. SEBOTTENDORFF GOT AWAY.
COME. WE MUST FIND CURTIS. WE'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES!

THE BASEMENT HAS SEVERAL LEVELS. FROM WHAT WE KNOW, THE CELLS ARE ON THE LOWEST.

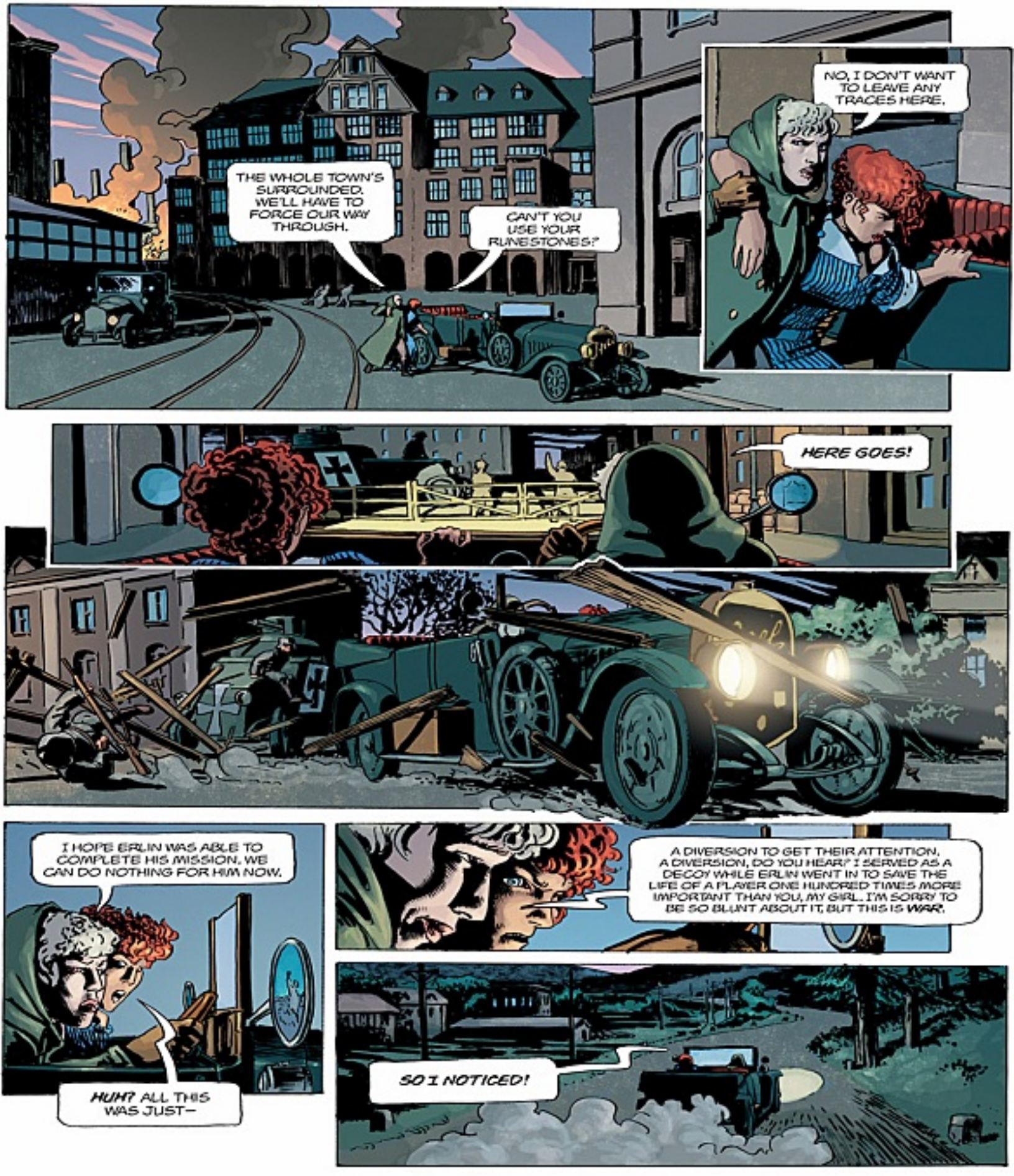
HERE HE IS! FOUND HIM!

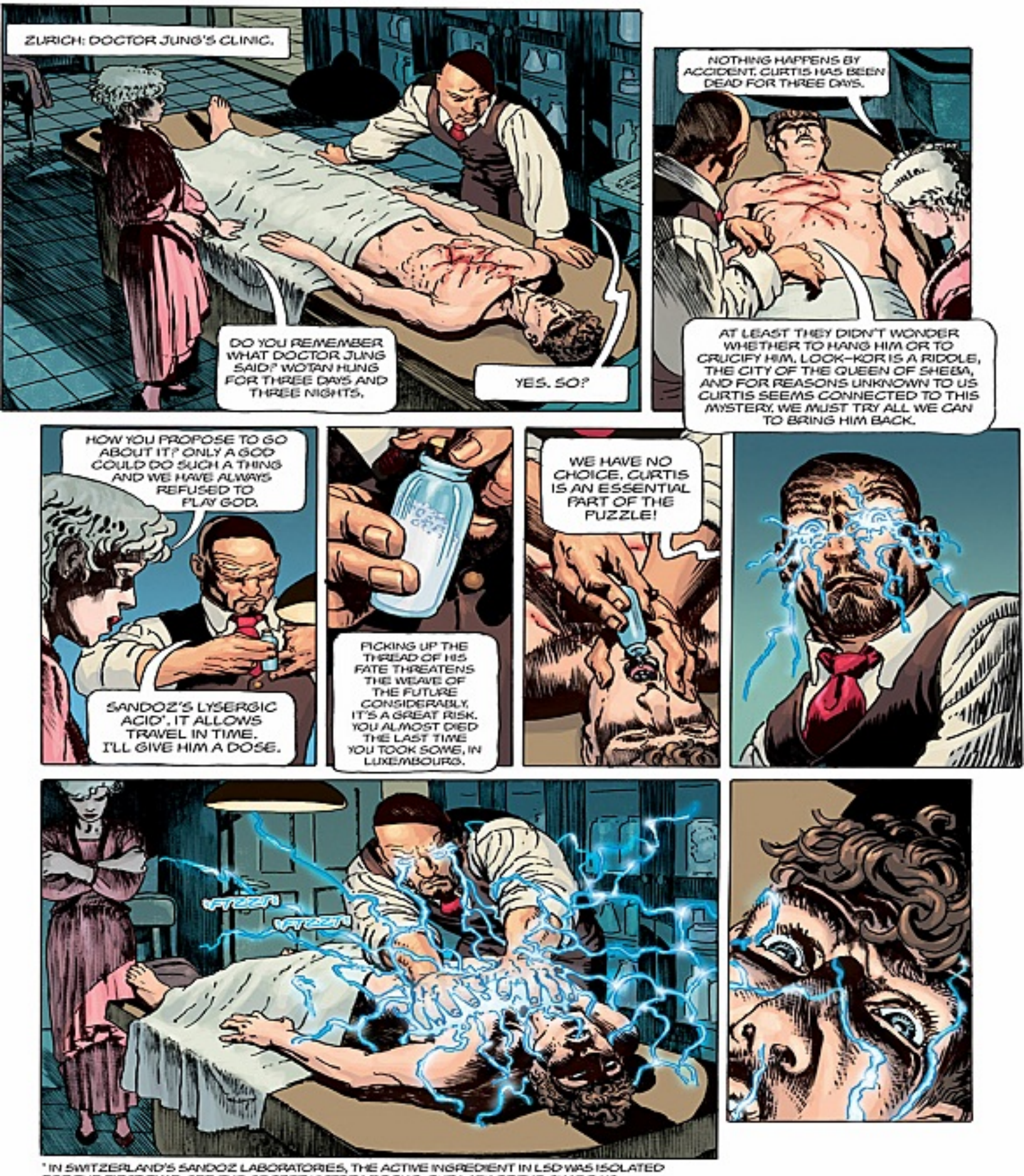
WELL?
HE'S NOT BREATHING ANYMORE. I CAN'T FEEL A PULSE.

FIND SOME BLANKETS. WE'LL BRING HIM BACK UP AND GET HIM SOME FRESH AIR, QUICK! IT'S HOPELESS DOWN HERE.

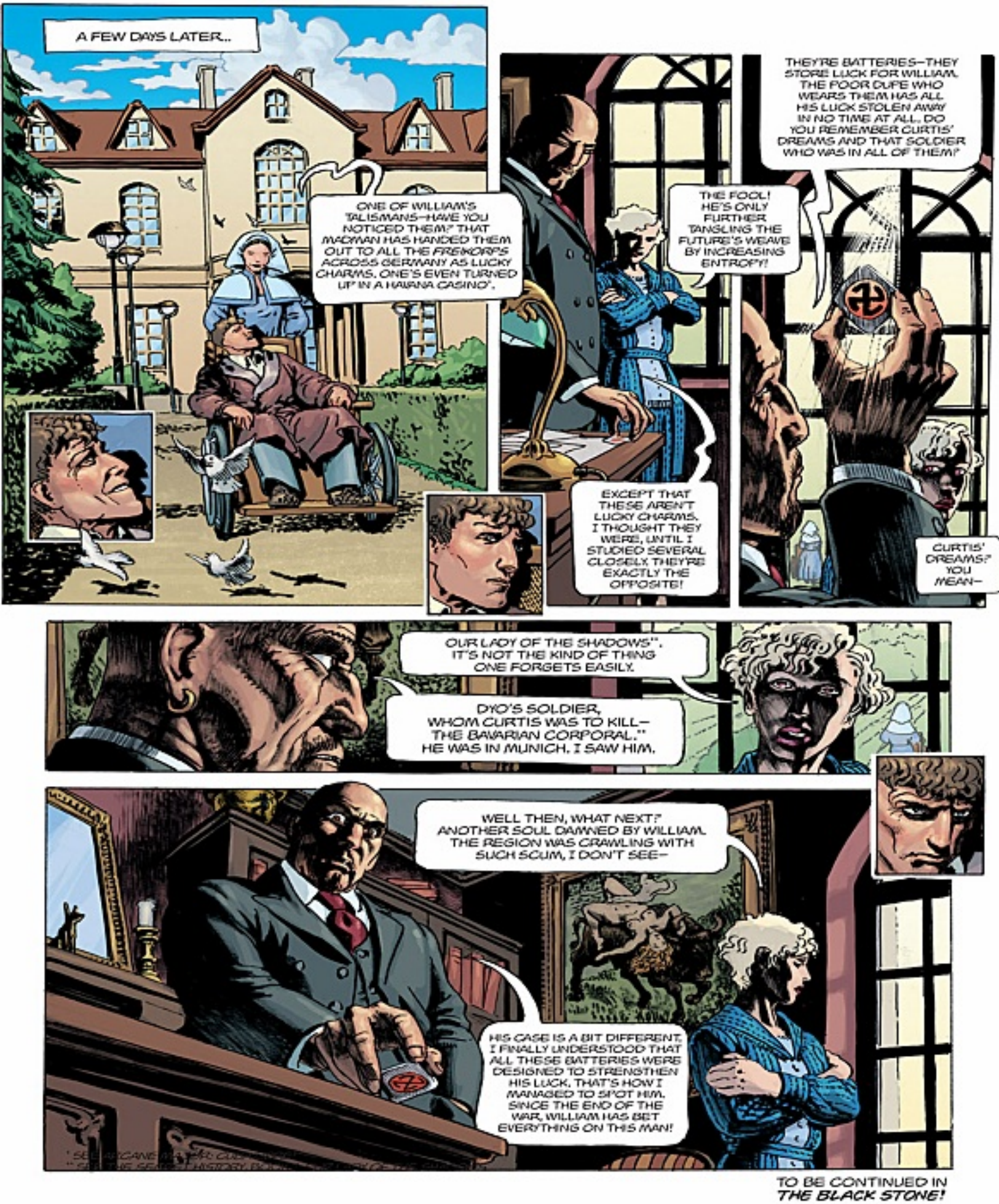
WHAT FOR? HE'S DEAD ALREADY.

THE SHIELD TAKES CARE OF ITS OWN. WE DON'T LEAVE MEN BEHIND ON THE BATTLEFIELD.


THE WHOLE TOWN'S SURROUNDED. WE'LL HAVE TO FORCE OUR WAY THROUGH.
CAN'T YOU USE YOUR RUNESTONES?
NO, I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE ANY TRACES HERE.
HERE GOES!
I HOPE ERLIN WAS ABLE TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION. WE CAN DO NOTHING FOR HIM NOW.
HUH? ALL THIS WAS JUST—
A DIVERSION TO GET THEIR ATTENTION, A DIVERSION, DO YOU HEAR? I SERVED AS A DECOY WHILE ERLIN WENT IN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A PLAYER ONE HUNDRED TIMES MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU, MY GIRL. I'M SORRY TO BE SO BLUNT ABOUT IT, BUT THIS IS WAR!.
SO I NOTICED!




* IN SWITZERLAND'S SANDOZ LABORATORIES, THE ACTIVE INGREDIENT IN LSD WAS ISOLATED FOR THE FIRST TIME. SEE *THE SECRET HISTORY*, BOOK 7: *OUR LADY OF THE SHADOWS*.




TO BE CONTINUED IN *THE BLACK STONE!*